like a valiant and gigantic bantam, the paddles standing for extended wings, hard gale which had sprung up was dygiving place to a sullen, heavy swell. Fearless. but, like a wary bird, the Fearless was | tio not caught. Her ollskinned skipper, and save for one big sea, which came d swept a few odds and ends of maery and gear from her deck, burst hree or four yards from of the port ulwarks out, and flooded the engineble effort to overwhelm and bury her, and so be rid of her for all time-the Fearless kept her paddles beating, and

seas to come on ond try again. "Now this," said the skipper, "is what I call a fine old craft. She's behaved like a lady, considerin' the funny old compass, an' now it's gone out altosteamboat! I'm proud of her. Halloa! Jack obeyed. There's the Patriot goin' 'ome, Shove 'er along, Jack, easy, just to run down a bit with the Patriot. I want to 'ave a ing seas-and the gaunt, black funnel,

"What cheer, 'Lijah?" shouted the

"How do, Bob?" replied a black, oilskinned figure on the Patriot's bridge. "Nice breeze!" said Bob.

"Very,' answered Elljah, with sarcastic emphasis. "You seem to have enjoyed it, don't you? You're a bit knocked about, though, aren't you?"

"A mere trifle. Nothing that a tenpun' note wouldn't cover." "Oh! I saw that sea hit you. I

thought it 'ud done for you. It went right over your stack."

"The Fearless isn't the Patriot," said Bob, looking scornfully at the other steamboat. "If the water had come on board you as it came on board us you'd ha' 'ad no stack standin'. I can see daylight through the top o' yours. What is it-paper, or do you burn acid,

sparled Eiliah. "You go 'ome an' get a tinker to patch 'er up," retorted Bob, with rising

infuriated politeness, "No, thank you," answered Bob. "I don't want draggin' to the bottom. I could shove the beat through that hole in your counter. Pass the trawl warp round the poor old thing's body, or she'll be dissolutin', an' your injun'll drop out o' the bottom."

Good-by," said Elijah—he was something of a luminary at the Little Bethel on the foreshore at home, and dared not let himself speak the words his wrath dictated.

"Come, now, "Lijah," said Bob, engagingly; there's a chance for you to show what you're made of. I'll giv you a challenge. I'll give you a knot start, nn' I'll knock the steam out o' you before we're alongside o' the 'Igh

"But why 'Igh Light?" asked the skipper, inquisitive despite his an-

Becess that's as far south as I'm goin'," answered Bob. "Don't you know that tomorrer's Christmas?" 'An' wot o' that?" "Well, I've a partic-lar appointment for tonight, an' I'm goin' to keep it.

We'll run down together with the tide. If you get to the bar first I'll stand you a bottle v' whisky."
"I don't drink," said Elijah, gruffly, "an' you know it." Bacca, then?"

might fancy."

The Patriot's crew, with storm-capped pipes gripped between their teeth, got any," continued Bill. smoked and grinned as they leaned against the rail and listened to this exchange of words. "Ah! I've known a county court or the gaol. It isn't the day," said the mate, sadly, "when seekin', an' it isn't salvage, an' it isn't in language. But the skipper's fallen off a lot lately."

"I'll tell 'em," answered Elljah, still gazing sullenly ahead.

in a 'urry, an' there's somebody watch-in' and waitin' for me at Jetby."

The Feariess churned on her way, her hill at times sinking into the hollows of the swell, and at other times poising totteringly on the summits. Within an hour she had been lost to sight in a fog that was driving up from the south. As she disappeared Elijah heard the distant wail of her siren. It was, he distant wail of her siren. It was, he demanded; and by way of indicating the harbor or strong weather. The has of the cliffs.

Surf on the beach at the base of the cliffs, and the engine, being helped tremendously, carried her with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the along sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the along sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the along sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the along sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the along sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the along sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the place with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the place with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the place with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there. On the place with a long sweep up the river and the sand the s demanded; and by way of indicating fair weather or strong weather, he very badly. A coble was got off, her that his wrath had passed, and that he would keep his unristmas Eve at Jetby. bore no malice, he let his own steam and here he was, held prisoner by the was helped into it.

Squat and sodden, glistening from | The fog, which drove in from the stem to stern with water running from | South, gave promise of preventing Bob from keeping an engagement either at her scuppers as it gushes from spouts Jetby or anywhere else for that night. In time of heavy rain, the paddle traw- If he had been a wise man he would ler Fearless nosed into the waves, and, have slackened down and reconciled himself to the worst; but he was just a hardy North Sea skipper, and a stubbord one, and he went ahead into the threw defiance at the sea. A short, thick fog without slackening speed, and with hideous wails of the siren-the one ing down; and the steep, torn reas were | modern thing in the equipment of the

The gale had done its best to smash | Once a great three masted seasoned. Once a great three-masted schooner, the steamboat, swooping upon her at | still shortened as it had been reefed for al points, forward, aft, and broadside; I the gale, rose up ahead like an appari-Bob twiried the wheel round, and the Fearless ran past the ship, her starboard sponson grinding against her tugging at the wheel, cunningly kept side A deadly collision had only been her up to meet and baffle the assaults, averted by his quickness to think and

He caught sight of a shock-headed man on the poop, and the shock-headed man saw him. They roared together, bellowing words which had no reference any place on the North Sea chart or room-which had, in short, made a no- the map of the world; and which did

"You go there yourself," shouted Bob, as the Fearless vanished in the wet gloom, "It's too hot for fogs, an' so you needn't plant yourself in the way of honest steamboats an' try to sink generally had the look of asking the gloom. em. You're not even a wind-jammer-

The Fearless ran on for an hour longbreeze we've had. Why, durin' the last | er, and Bob, becoming uneasy in spite hour the wind worked right round the of himself, ordered her to be slowed down, and then copped altogether. "Let her drift a bit, so we can try an' gether. What a December! What a find out where we are," he said, and Bill.

When the engine was stopped the Fearless wallowed on the swell, groan-ing dismally. Bob, on the bridge, shivered in the cold, thick fog, looking hard that isn't very promisin'." word wi Lijah." He spoke this to the and listening harder. Where he was prigineer, who was standing to his level exactly he did not know. All he felt ers in the wondrous hole between the sure of was that he was somewhere bebox-like bridge-battered by the break- tween the Type and the Humber, and fore, a destructive article. Returning whitened with the salt of flying spray. know. It was very exasperating, and stick on the steamer's rail. "They have said they might as well shove along a bit as stay there Jack agreed, and said master of the Fearless, as the Patriot, that for his own part he'd as soon b looking vastly important, came within under the sea as on it, in weather like

They kept the Fearless going slowly for an hour; then they stopped her, and Here goes. with the lead tried to locate their posi-

"One thing's certain," said the skipper, "and that is that Jethy isn't very far away. That's the sort o' sand that comes down from the river. Go on again, nice an' easy. Surely the fog'll "Nothing to speak of," retorted Bob. have the decency to go at such a 'appy season as this." The engines clanked, the paddles

thumped, and the trawier went ahead. "The tide's turned," said Bill, the

gettin' in. I do believe we're lyin' off vanced. "Yes-it's turned; it's been obbin' for in' to bust" an hour," agreed the skipper, delefully. 'Just look at the time we've lost since

"'If it doesn't clear very soon you'll "Keep your criticisms to yourself," not get in to Jetby, said Bill. "Clear or no clear I'll get into Jetby tonight," replied the skipper, firmly,

his body to warm himself. From the and saw that the rocket had exploded sounds one might have thought he was beating himself with boards. He laugh- had finished and the blaze had died "Shall I tow you?" asked Elljah, with more like guffaws than laughter. "You may get in an' you may not," was lying on the said. "I fancy the fog an' the bar'll bleeding face. have somethin' to say on that point."

per, "fog an' bar nothwithstandin".

"Ch!" exclaimed Bill. "I meant you wouldn't float in. Of course, if you mean to plump on the sand an' ride over on the paddles, like a fishcart on claimed Bill, in horror. "Ere, Jack, you're used to patchin' the machinery—you're used to patchin' the machinery—

asm; but the skipper did not answer. "Is it a very particlar appointment you've got?" asked Bill, after a pause. "It is—very special," said the skipper: "or do you suppose I'd be foolin' thing as a feather," he said, authorita-

even if you get into Jetby, there's no turps an' treacle. If that don't cure 'in gettin' out till tomerrer mornin'—and a then I give 'im up."
man doesn't want to go to sea on The engineer raised Bob's head; Bill Christmas, Anyway, I don't: to say waved the lantern energetically, and nothing of the fact that Christmas this the rest of the crew stood by, staring

"Nor yet smoke," answered the suffering skipper of the Patriot.

"Well, then, a bundle o' tracts—or a
plum puddin'," continued Bob. "Or
any other trifle o' food or readin' you

want to put in time at Jetby, I'm willin' down to the deck, the rest were nuried
against each other.

The injured man was thrown into a
sitting posture. His senses and his
speech returned at the same instant.

"What the blazes are yer dancin'

an' it isn't the hull, an' I'm not due at

seekin', an' it isn't salvage, an' it isn't Bep 'ud have been no match for 'Lijah the customs, nor it isn't—"
in language. But the skipper's fallen "Then it's a woman," interrupted Bill. "You've got a girl on the sly, an' the wheel. "Shove her along," ordered Elijah, you're wantin' to see 'er bad. But I "'Ard over!" roared the skipper, staring stubbornly ahead, and setting wouldn't jump Jetby bar for all the "'Ard over!" came the bellowed staring stubbornly ahead, and setting wouldn't jump Jetby bar for all the "'Ard over!" came the bellowed anhis course for home and his Christmas women in creation; that I wouldn't, swer from the helmsman. Not me."

"If you will run away from me tell 'No, your wife wouldn't let you," revery special appointment to keep there tonight. Will you?" shouted Bob.
"I'll tell 'em'" answered Filth. "By George, yes," answered Bill.

azing sullenly ahead.
"Fra goin' on." said Bob; "Fra rather Doesn't it give you the 'orrors?" "Let her go," ordered Bob, going to the wheel.

"At Jetby? Why, by the time you He steamed over the great swell toget there there won't be water enough to float you over the bar."

"Oh, yes, there will," answered Bob. pose was to run into the harbor while left him. He could only hang on and "You know I'm not waterlogged like there was yet water, but the thick for shout an order, in the full belief that it you. Ha! ha! So long. Sorry I shall forced him to abandon it. There was would be obeyed.

have to leave you. Now, Jack, give her nothing for it but to let the anchor go The trawler swung round to the have to leave you. Now, Jack, give her beans."

The trawler swung round to the East Pier, then swerved to the West Skipper did, and the Fearestriot, which was badly handicapped by the weight of water that the gale had hursed aboard, and had fallen into the hold instead of going back to the sea.

The Feariess churned on her way, her the season of the beach at the base of the The Feariess churned on her way, her the season of the beach at the base of the The Feariess churned on her way, her the season of the beach at the base of the the anchor go and the fearless rolled and pitched at her cable, with nothing vistous that her swung round to the East Pier, then swerved to the West East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the massive stone-work and sink beside the bar. Then a swerved to the West East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the massive stone-work and sink beside the bar. Then a lumbering sea came up, gave her a twist so that her bow faced the river, tilted up her stern, and the engine, being her aps his leathery sides much in the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the massive stone-work and sinks beside the bar. Then a moment that the godie cow uses her that the self-supporting. He earns his leathery sides much in the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the massive stone-work and sinks beside the bar. Then a swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment that the pown loving and thrives equally well in the Looked

whistle loose, and its fearful tones spread through the clammy air and over the grey waste of sea. In such the bar he had not really meant it—he fashion the two skippers bade each other a *_erry Christmas*

was neighbor into it.

"It's no good shoutin' at me," he said. "I'm knocked daft an' deaf, an' the bar he had not really meant it—he can't hear. Just take me to old Bendard interested; his crew, and himself to reintment there."

isn't she; an' a man can do what 'e he came and stood by the lamp on the

Jack stood to his levers. When the set of the ground the ed fog." anchor was clear of the ground the ed fog." "Fog! Call this fog?" said the old skipper roared "Go!" and the Fearless "Fog! Call this fog?" said the old skipper roared toward the piers, be- man. "Why, it's sunshine compared toward the piers, be-

crew held on in silence as the steam- due to a man who'll jump the bar at toward the shore. She was thrown up with his sweetheart." ped there. But although the engineer tried his hardest and the skipper did ry beneath the lighthouses, the jump pair.

did not succeed. The broken roller roared on and left the Fearless resting on the bar, with other rollers sweeping in and threatening to smash her into fragments. Eab tumbled from the bridge to the

"I must rouse 'em up ashore,' he shouted. "They're near enough to heave a line and hand us in. They can't see us, or they'd be hailin'. I'll give 'em a signal; then they'll know. "What are you goin' to do?" asked 'Send up a gun rocket." answered

Bob. "If there's anybody in sound there'll be an answer; if there isn't, well, we've got to take our luck, an' The skipper went below, and from a You plomped do locker took a gun rocket, which was load o' bricks." charged with dynamite, and was there-

not far from shore; but whether close to the deck, he ordered the crew to to or distant from Jetby he did not stand clear as soon as he had fixed the to the deck, he ordered the crew to The Patriot, a heavy structure which he said so. The crew, who were quite was fit sister to the Fearless, thumped as anxious to get ashore as he was, don't expect 'em, an' I shouldn't like to make a man do a thing like that, 'xcept soldiers amused themselves with these agreed with his remarks, and when Bob | be a party to the damage of any one of "What about yourself?" asked Bill.

"Never mind me," replied the skipper,
"I can look after No. I. Besides, if
anything went wrong, there'd be some ub money. Now, then, is all clear? He struck a match and lit the fuse, Having done so, he hurried away and

rouched behind the cabin hatchway. There was a spluttering noise and a "Keep clear," shouted the skipper, warningly. "It isn't risin'," cried Bill, in alarmed

The skipper darted up from his shel-"Not risin'?" he roured. "Why, Again, like a lost, bewildered creature, we shall all be blown to bits! Keep where you are, all of you. Leave the thing to me." He sprang toward the mate, "an' soon there'll be no chance o' rocket, clenching his fist as he ad-

"Lie down," cried Bill. "Flat-it's go-"Not if I know it," said Bob. "I don't want the deck blowin' in." Lie down-it'll kill you!" reared Bill,

He did not end his sentence. He saw the skipper with his fist strike the stick so that the hissing missile would fall d-one or two deep notes which were away Bill rushed from his refuge and bent over the body of his chief, who was lying on the deck with blackened, "Are yer dead?" enquired Bill, in

"I shall get in," asserted the skip-per, "fog an' bar nothwithstandin"."

Are yer dead?" enquired Bill, in seared tones, holding a lamp near the skipper.

ome and see wot you can do."
The engineer unwillingly advenced, "Why not run down 'ome? You couldn't get a snugger place to spend yer Christmas in," said Bill. "You see, feather, we shall have to try a dose o'

year is on a Friday."

"I don't mean to go to sea for a For a moment nothing was heard but

week when we get in. It's holiday time, an' I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy ourselves as much as anybody," said the roar of the breakers on the beach; then there was a dull grind and a ter-rifle heave forward of the Fearless. the skipper. "As for them as doesn't Two of the smacksmen were jerked want to put in time at Jetby, I'm willin' down to the deck, the rest were harled

ointment ashore at Jetby is."
"No," replied the skipper, "L don't."
"It can't be fish, becoss we haven't yer see she's bumped off the bar an' is "No, it isn't fish, an' it isn't the gear, an' plug her up the river as far as she'll go. She's done the jump, after all. I knew she would,"

The skipper staggered to his feet, Jack bounded to his levers, and Bill tumbled up on the bridge and gripped

"Full speed ahead!" added Bob. "It is so," cried Jack, in answer.

"The jetty or the Scaur in a jiffy," cried the skipper. "Shove 'er in between the piers, lads-steady-now she does it. Grip for your life, Bill,' "I'm grippin'," answered Bill, grimly, The skipper, dazed, deafened, clung to the batch near him, and wondered vaguely how it would end. He himself

"You stand by an' get the anchor up—
there's a lift in the fog, an' I can just
see the piers. We'll do it on our heads
—there's six feet o' water on the bar

"I got stuck on the bar an' was firin' a now if there's an inch. Come, my lads, rocket that wouldn't 'go. It seemed lively. Now' then, Jack, be ready—to strike me all over; but there, I'm when I say 'go,' let her fly." getting better—I can hear now. I shall Jack stood to his levers. When the be all right by morning, It's this dash-

tween which enormous rollers were with what I've seen off Newfundland, surging. The steamboat rose on the top I remember—" ously, and the old craft, held for the harbor mouth by the skipper, was swept onward like an emptly cask.

The girl pleasantly put a hand across on, this Cathedral of Leon, with the matchiess spire! The blue sky gleamed through its lefty lattice work so that the line at him in strong admiration for a effect was as if the spire itself were in-

by an immense wave which was roar- Three weeks into the New Year, Bob, ing ir, and broke in surf around her, smoking his pipe, was standing in front

> As Bob gazed at the announcement 'Lijah, just in from sea, stroiled up. "What cheer, Bob?" he said. "How do, 'Lijah?" said Bob.

> "So it's true you're givin' up trawlin' 'An' at Jetby, too."

"Correct,' said Bob, "Firewood, isn't it?"

"You've guessed right, 'Lijh." "Then why don't you keep the Fear-less to start you? She'd break up nice." "You're mistaken, 'Lijah," said Bob, "You're mixin' up the Fearless with the Patriot."

You plomped down on the bar like a find material for hours of study. "You'd ha' plomped through the bot-

o' the sen," said Bob.

love or drink? It isn't drink in my dry bones, and their horses were stabled

DANGEROUS GREY WOLVES. Constant Foes to Cattle on the Ranges in Wyoming.

(From the Denver News.) Lib Vincent, one of Wyoming's old-time cow punchers, and now riding on the Powder River ranges, says that the grey wolves of his section are legion in numper and as fearless as they are feroclous. These grey and greedy scourges of the Powder River stock areas do their raid-Fowcer River stock areas do their raiding in bands ranging in numbers from six to thirty, each band being organized and disciplined under the leadership of an old dog wolf especially chosen for his wariness, speed and endurance. To this captain these guant and grigally maranders yield an implicit and unswerving obedience—a statment well evinced from the fact that if one of these wolf leaders is slain or crippled his band at once amalgamates with some other troop possessing gamates with some other troop possessing

leader of like capacity.

The age and size of their quarry is of little moment with these wolves, as they

slaving numbers of them by striking, kicking, and trampling.
This is an especial result when the horse herd has with it a stallion experienced in range life. He can smell a wolf farther than he can see him, and at his shrill and warning neigh the herd rushes together and nickly forms the protecting square. The dives fully appreciate this fact, and instances have been known of a grey band numbering sources of raiders rey band numbering scores of raiders rotting leisurely around one of these em-attled equine squares and then seeking other and easier prey.

The grey wolf reaches a weight of 125sounds, and boasts alike brain, brawn, a
neiseless and tireless foot, a savage ferocity, and an invaliable appetite. It is said of him that he can run longer and caster, eat oftener and more and display more cunning and ferocity in a given length of time than any other known ani-

He is a prolific breeder, eight or ten pups being a not uncommon litter, while there is a Powder River instance of thirty-five pups being sian as the progeny of three grey wolf dams.

Up to six months old the grey wolf pup is awkward and unwieldy, and it is a favorite cowboy pastline of the Fowder River ranges to locate a grey wolf litter on the prairie and shoot the pups from horseback as they skulkingly roll and tumble from their coverts in the grass and sagebrush. Crack sholts with the pistol have been known to get a pup with every bullet from their six-shooters.

THE RAZORBACK OF FLORIDA.

An Intelligent, Large-Limbed, and Fleet-Footed Animal.

(From Forest and Stream.)

The "Florida razorback" is the hog indigenous to this elimate and soil. He is usually large of Jimb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrum a darkey. He has a tail of wondrous length, while, he lightest corkmotion, he twists into the tightest cork
"Of magitin it? a day over here in a He is a prolific breeder, eight or ten

He is so intelligent that when he lives in he towns he becomes as familiar with the affrond schedules as are train despatchers over the grey waste of sea. In such fashion the two skippers bade each other as '.erry Christmas. When the Fearless began her run for Jothy Harbor so that Bob could keep his appointment there she was twenty miles away, and it was two hours from high water. Assuming, therefore, that with the help of the tide and all the steam that Jack dared to give her, she made ten miles an hour, she would cross the bar at the top of the fload, but Bob knew the coast and the season tow would be carried out to the strick left. It is one thing to say that you will do a thing on the North Sea not left you.

The standard of the strick left is crew, and himself to think of, to say nothing of a disapproving the far and pointment there is the was twenty was pointment there is the way the give him his appointment there she was twenty was pointment there is the way the strength of the tide and all the steam that Jack dared to give her, she made ten miles an hour, she would cross the bar at the top of the fload, to the steam that Jack dared to give her, she made ten miles an hour, she would cross the bar at the top of the fload on this, that he should let his people to water the season to water the steam that Jack dared to give her, she would be constanted the steam that Jack dared to give her, she would be be a standard that the standa

SIGHTS IN A SPANISH CITY

Religious Edifices in the Ancient Municipality, Leon.

The Cathedral, the Church of St. Isl. dor, and the Convent of San Marcos -- Relies of Eight Hundred Years-Reminders of Ancient Glory

The skipper did not speak, and the minute kissed him and said: "That's laid for flundreds of feet with slabs of boat was picked up by the sea and cast dead low water, just to keep his word in progress. A maze of scaffold poles and turquoise. The inevitable restoration was platforms covered its southern font like a web, and the tick-tick of masons inside is she jumped the bar that was made of a printed bill on a boarding on the building responded to the louder by the silt of sand between the two foreshore of his native town. The bill blows of other masons outside. So it has piers at the mouth of the harbor. Here set forth that on a certain date there been for years, and probably years more keel touched the sandy ridge, the hull | would be offered for sale by public ane- will elapse and architect will succeed shivered, the paddles thrashed the bro-ken water alongside, and it seemed for steam tug Fearless, built and engined palchraque templa"-stands under the moment as if the craft would be in 1867; that her dimensions were 86.4 by heavens in its naked magnificence. They swept clear into the harbor and drop- 17.6 by 9.3; that she was of 17.87 tons do these things tardily in Spain. But all register; that she had one side lever in disarray as it was, with its monucompound condensing engine of 40 ments bound up in sack cloth, with whisthis best, and although the sea hurled horsepower, and that the stores were ling, eigarette smoking mechanics perchange the Fearless on until her bow threaten on board as she ceased work. The hull all allows it. We so knowledge to the face of a on board as she ceased work. The hull ed about it like seagulls on the face of a not relate to the compliments of the ed to work mischief in the solid mason- was delicately alluded to as wanting re- cliff, and the dirt of decades in its aisles one could still do homage to the lovely building. Admission was, of course, prohibited, saved to those concerned in the restoration; and equally of course a "pesetn" made free of the interior, from the Chaper of the Consolation, in the extreme east, to the marvelous statuary groups in alabaster and gold of the 'trascoro." Hundreds of emerald and ruby lights caught the sunshine and filled nave and aisles with a glow almost voluptuous in its glamour. Tombs and relics of eight centuries adorn the Cathedral, the body of which, as it stands, dates from about 1300 A. D. only. And here, as "Anyway, the trick you did warn't with the Cathedrals of Oviedo, Santiago, very successful. There wasn't a fat lot and the other chief places of northwest Spain, one may in the west facade alone Of the three supreme "sights" of Leon, the cathedral ranks first. The Church of

"Lijah abandoned the contest, "What St. Isidro the Royal may come next. Here made you do it?" he enquired. "What made me do it?"-answered who trembled in spite of themselves at case; it was tother thing. I'd prom- in the aisles of the church, the shell alone ised the girl I'd be 'ome for Christmas, of which they left unpolluted. It is for and I'm not a man to go back on my its age and associations that one esteems "I shouldn't call it either love or drink," said 'Lijah. "I should call it devilment."—Waiter Wood in the Marcos. This I postponed until the heat of the day was past. The convent impresses more even than the cathedral. It is as dead as Charles V, but superb even in its slow, happily very slow, decomposition. The knights of Santiago, for whom it was originally designed, have, of course, long gone the way of the age they graced. But one may judge of their importance in the extraordinary elaborateness of this long facade of bronzed stone. Busts, medallions and friezesthere are enough of them there, of the highest quality, to endow a dozen art schools with worthy material for inspira-

The lone woman who had charge of the enormous building said, "Muy bueno!" to every part of it. She could have said no more if she had had the honor of playing decrease to Alfonso XIII himself, and she spoke truth at random every time. The spoke truth at random every time. The omnipresent scallop shell testified here, as throughout Galicia, to the commanding induence in the past of that moribund sanctuary of Santiago, which still has its acres of ecclesiastical buildings and its

The age and size of their quarry is of little moment with these wolves, as they pull down and devour alike cows, calves, asters, mares, coits, and geidings. Their attack is always strategical and systematic, one portion of the band assaulting from the front and fastening on the shoulder, ear, or muzze, and thus giving the big wild grey dogs who are ever closing in from the rear the objective opportunity of hamstringing the victim. Once hamstrung it is all over with the quarry, and the entire band feasts at leisure. Mr. Vincent has often seen on the Powder River ranges the mere empty hide and polished pones of what was once a justy steer or visgorous gelding as sad souvenits of the raid of a gray wolf band.

The cattle herds are open and easy prey to the bold canine bandits, the cattle fleet ing from the pursuers and thus rendering individual attack casy and successful. The horses, however, with their superior intelligence, very frequently beat off the wolves by forming on the open ground an equine square, with the mares and coits in the centre, the gallant stallions on the corners and the best and bravest gelding distributed on the outer lines of defence, Not only do these equine squares frequently beat off the quartes frequently beat off the wolves by forming on the open ground and equine square, with the mares and coits in the centre, the gallant stallions on the corners and the best and bravest gelding distributed on the outer lines of defence, Not only do these equine squares frequently beat off them by striking, shading an acquire special result when the horse

A LESSON IN SLANG.

Ignorance of the Vernacular Evineed by a New Arrival.

(From the Chicago Journal.) (From the Chicago Journal.)

He had just received change for \$10 from the conductor after paying his fare on the Cottage Grove Avenue grip car and was counting it in a laborious way that showed he was not accustomed to United States money. After figuring on it for several moments until the attention of the

several moments until the attention of the passengers and gripman was attracted to his embarrassment, he seemed as much puzzled as ever.

"Better put that meney away or some one will take care of it for you," advised the gripman, in a kindly tone.

"The conductor didn't give me the raight change," the man replied, plainly revealing his nationality.

The conductor happened along at that time and was at once informed of the

riences since his arrival,
"(i)"m gittin \$2 a day over here in a
min," said he of the Emeraid Isle.
"Well, you had better stay there," replied the gripman. "There's many a man
looking for a job like that and anxious to

get 'em."
"How much do yez git for runnin' this car?" asked Pat.
"Oh, I hauf in three bucks."
"Phwat are 'bucks?" again queried Pat. "Why, dollars; haven't you learned

lang yet?"
"Could Oi git a job loike thot?"
"Sure, if you have a drag."
"An' phwat's a 'drag?"
"A drag?" Why, a 'drag' is a pull." But thin phwat's a 'pull?"

"A pull's, a-shThe gripmon was as much puzzled as he frishman, and while he was trying to voive a definition for the expressive ord a passenger came to his rescue by "Do you know John J. Mitchell, or starshall Field, or Robert Lincoln of the Pullman Company?" enquired the auto-erat of the grip car, who evidently was well-informed regarding Chicago railway

CURRENT HUMOR.

A Wet Season. (From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "Understand you started a kitchen garden.

"Nothing but umbrellas."

(From Town and Country.)

Little Malel-Papa, does our family own a What nonzense, child. Who put that idea into your head?"
Little Mahel Why, I asked teacher last night

(From the Chicago Record.)

"I had intended," said Mrs. Reuben Necks at the supper table. "to go down town today to ok at some stockings, but it rained so all remarked Mr. Reuben Necks, absent-

A Man With a History,

(From the School Board Journal.)

First Bookman-I just gave him a copy of our

(From the Heitere Well.) "Pritz, dear, you love me more than anything else in the world, don't you?"

"And you wouldn't give me up for \$100,000?"
"H'm-well! Has anybody offered that?"

Papa Knows. (From the King.) Regge-I heard pupa say the other day that Mamma-So it is, Regre. Regge-Then, mamma, why does papa hire a man to cut the grass while he sits on the weranda and only looks on?

Pat's Green Blackberries, (From What to Eat.) "That's a fine bush of blackberries, Pat."
"Blackberries! Sure them's not black, they're

"Well, don't I know they are; sin't black-berries always red when they're green?" Music and Music.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.) "What do you think of barring out ragtime Oh, pennuts have a right to live as well as

A Ghostly Array.

(From the Chicago Times-Herald,) "Jimmie Jones is afraid to go out in his ack yard after dark." "Well, pa, they've got nine whitewashed trees, three whitewashed benches, two whitewashed iron lions, an' a whitewashed iron dog."

It Has a Value.

(From Town Topics.) Hewitt—Are you a believer in vaccination? Jewett—Most certainly; it kept my daughter rom playing the plane for nearly a week.

(From the Philadelphia Record.) "You look very well, notwithstanding your age," remarked the hall rack.
"Yes," replied the grandfather's clock; "I'm a pretty old timer."

He Paid the Freight.

The Funny Horologe,

(From the Catholic Standard and Times.) "Do you think," enquired the talkative friend,
"that a college education pays?"
"Yes," replied the old gentleman, whose boy was in the iroshman class, "l'Il bet it pays the ollege pretty well."

Still on the Deck.

(From the Detroit Journal.) Tragedy wrung her hands, such was her ex-"Ay, truly!" she cried. "But one cannot live I don't know!" quoth Comedy, with a ghastly gayety quite characteristic of her in these her later years. "I have existed comfort-ably for extended periods on little besides wind Even now, forsooth, the wind-and-whiskers joke,

Disappointed in Bella.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) "How did you find your married daughter get-"O, Belia's gettin' along well enough, but she's just like all them society folks now, and I don't think I could ever gif used to their ways. The fust things she did when I went into the house was to give me a splendid big rockin cheer to set in, and the next thing was to tell

Logical Chirography.

(From Life.) An impodent fellow in Hawarden Empored, without asking his pawarden, Of the learned Colquinous if the man in the mountain and the mountain of the mountain and a mou

Pleasant for Blobbs. (From the Chicago Tribune.) Blebbs-Say, old man, come down to my house his evening. We're going to have a little

(From the Harlem Life.) Brobson-I hear that you have broken off with

Not Entirely. (From Town and Country.) "Is he a criminal lawyer?"
"Well, I should hardly call him a criminal, some of his practices come very close to

Altogether Different. (From Tit-Bits.) Lawyer-And so you kissed her on the doorstep, id you? Witness-No, sir; it was in the vicinity of the

ILLUSIONS ON THE RAIL

Fancies That Break the Nerves of Men at the Throttle.

Excusable Superstitions of Engincers-Shocked by Visious as Their

Trains Rush Along-Flagged by

the Lenfy Boughs of a Pine Tree. I wonder what was the first, instantaneous sensation of that Canadian engineer who ran down Jumbo in the fog. Probably no engineer ever had a strangershock; but shocks, strange and otherwise, are the portion of every man who stands at a locomotive throttle. He must get used to them and stand them as best he canor find some occupation with less nervous strain to it. Most of them in the business get hardened to the unexpected, which is

always happening on the rails. A newly located watchman's shanty-First Bookman—The school director who just looking exactly like the end of a box left us has an interesting history.

Second Bookman—You don't say! How do There had never been anything there but the river before, and when the headlight glared on that very substantial structure I was sure my call had arrived.

Another time a tool box in a tunnel, partly covered over with clothes and a coll of rope, started me for the step, under the impression that it was a rock fallen from the roof. But these are mere harmless scares which help to keep one awake. The engine gets by them before you get off, and you are back in your seat again breathing anathema maranatha against the thoughtless idiot who was the cause of it all. Then there are the other kind.

I was poking up a long hill one night when a red light suddenly showed up. followed at once by another, indicating that the caboose of the preceding train was just ahead-and I was coming up to it with astonishing rapidity. I yelled to my fireman to jump, and we had barely landed in the ditch, when six cars and the caboose of the train ahead climbed all over our engine. The train had broken in two, and this was the rear section that had trundled down hill on top of us. Frequently I have been asked if railroad men are superstitious. I think not,

though they might be pardoned if they One night after the meeting Fred Jones asked, with fairly well assumed indifference, if "any o' you fellers" had seen a mysterious flagman at night near the old stone house this side of Ollendorf's Fill. Two or three of the men looked around quick and sharp, as though the question reminded them of something, but no-

reminded them of something, but no-body admitted he had.

"Darn funny," said Fred, puffing at his cigar like a "mog" on a grade. "I've seen im twice, 'n danged if I c'n make it out."

In response to careful pumping Jones told me that on two occasions, on the night trip, a fellow had sprung out from behind the ruins of the old stone house and flagged him—not with a lamp, al-though it was night time, but with a flag. He stopped both times, but no man was to be found, nor was there any occasion for flagging. for flagging.
On the second occasion his conductor

hinted with railroad trankness that Jones was dopy, so Jones said he would disregard the fellow's signal if he ever saw him again. As to details, he remembered only that both nights were brilliantly moonlit and that a good breeze was blow-About two months later, along in the fall, after a heavy rain, Jones ran into a bad rock-slide a quarter of a mile he-

Sure to Rain.

(From Puck.)

Farmer Longface—Our minister prayed for rain yesterday.

Farmer Hardhead (the skeptle)—Humph! He knowed the right time tew pray, didn't he?

Farmer Longface (indignantly)—What dew you mean, sir?

Farmer Hardhead—Nuthin'—only the circus comes tew town day after tew-merrow.

Doctor and Patient.

(From the Raltimore American.)

Dr. Yungun—No, sir; I do not approve of admitting others than the physician to the sick room. If the physician understands his business

later.

One night, a long time after that, I was killing time on a clearance. The moon was about full, pretty well down in the west, and there was a stiff breeze from the same quarter. I remembered Jones' flagman, and decided he would never have a better chance to get caught. I shut off and let her roll on approaching the stone house.

Waving shadows on the track, cast by trees and bushes on the bank above, suggested a possible solution of the mystery. I kept my eyes fastened religiously on the spot Jones had described, and presently saw there was something there. Gradually the thing took form, until, when within a train length, I could have sworn that a man was in front of me waving a flag.

waving a flag.
I put on brakes, slowed right down and any an answering toot toot, but he paid mo attention. Then I crawled out on the run beard and looked at the moon, which was just visible above the bank at my right. As the moon, myself, and the man came into line, he became blurred and indistinct, and I observed that a small pine tree on the bank was also coming into line with us. When the line was com-plete the flagman spread out and lost

Next time I saw Jones I told him about Next time I saw Jones I told him about it, and he exclaimed:
"Well, I'll be darned?"
On his next day off Jones deadhcaded to the station near the stone house and tramped four miles with an axe. The spook flagman never bothered him nor anyone else thereafter.—New York Sun.

WONDERS OF THE SEAS. Fish That Can Slug When in Their Native Element. (From the New York Press.)

It may be that some time in the future there will appear a marine Frof. Garner, who will declare that fish take and try to converse with the inhabitaats of the seas and other waters of the eart. If a fish chist party.
Glubbs-All right. PH come. You can coax annot talk it is certain that some sp cannot talk it is certain that some species of them can sing. The sound produced by one species of cel is extremely musical, while the Australian lungfish gives out a long-drawn note, something like the note of a tin horn. The shad is also musically inclined, and gives out a note which can be heard for a considerable distance.

Probably the most remarkable sound-producing fish is found in the China seas. It was discovered by Lieutenant White, of

Craix—Oh, yes, to be sure; it was her's that did the kicking.

Why Tommy Was Misled.

(From the Philadelphia Pres.)

Tommy—You were a red suit and home at the masked bail hat night, didn't you?

Mr. Hozmiy—Why, mr. I went as a cavalier.

Temmy—I guess pop was mistaken then. He said he saw you and you looked like the devil.

Occidental.

(From the Detreit Journal.)

The Emperor Kwang Han frowned darkly.

"The West, forecoth!" sneered he. "How do I know that there is any West!"

"Well, occidents will hapaen, you know!" exclaimed the Vicercy, Li Hung Chang.

Fertunately his Majesty, by resours to his Olendorf, was able to gather substantially the full import of this clever jest, else the aged courtier might then and there have been divested of the shrimp pink golf stockings of a mandarin of the shrimp pink golf stocking of a mandarin of the shrimp pink golf stockings of a mandarin of the shrimp pink golf stocking of the shrimp pink golf stocking of the shrimp pink golf stocking

Waters. Prof. Kollicher's recent experiments were most interesting. He made a sub-marine phonograph which he let down to marine phonograph which he let down to a depth of fifty fathoms in the Mediter-ranean Sea. Around the instrument were placed electric lights to attract the fish. The professor continued his experiments for three months and succeeded in getting a record of noises from many different marine creatures. Among other results which he obtained was the getting of a clear record of the

did you?

Witness—No, sir, it was in the vicialty of the left eyebrow.

An Ex-pert.

(From Judge.)

Bibbs—I just passed Miss Flyte, your typewriter. Is she an expert?

Gibbs—She is now. She got entirely too pert and I discharged her.

Suburban Life vs. City Life,

(From the Brooklyn Engle.)

Mr. Borough (at quick lanch restaurant, commiseratingly)—I suppose you are deep in the tortures of housedicaning out in Lonelyville, about this time?

Mr. Borough (at quick lanch restaurant, commiseratingly)—I suppose you are deep in the tortures of housedicaning out in Lonelyville, about this time?

Mr. Borough (at quick lanch restaurant, commiseratingly)—I suppose you are deep in the tortures of housedicaning out in Lonelyville, about this time?

Mr. Bolate (of Lonelyville, beamingly)—Not much! Annabel hasn't dared mention such a thing as housecleaning for fear of losing our hired rif.